

## Yellowed Faun

this night i dreamed  
    i dreamed of you  
it has been such a long  
time  
since i have thought of you  
with any semblance of  
kindness  
or affection  
    this night i dreamed of you and i  
we were together alone  
with our pain present  
    absent of madness  
i wanted so badly  
to touch your face  
the way i used  
to be able to  
    the way you used to be able  
to allow me  
    but instead  
we just lay together  
in a strange bed  
that i did not recognize  
in a strange room  
that i did not recognize  
in a strange house  
    when i awoke  
i cried the cry  
of a faun whose fairy tale page  
had yellowed;  
    and dusted  
the cry  
weighing my lids  
that i thought so convincingly  
had passed -  
the cry of an internal army  
baring its wound outward  
to april storms washing -  
    yes,  
this was the weeping  
that passed through me,  
the willow bent to its ground,  
and stranger  
for me  
was its abrupt conversion  
to laughter  
(like Ferlinghetti's *smiling mortician*)  
and i did not mind,  
not this  
    time